



THE IRISHMAN.

The savage loves his native shore,
 Though rude the soil, and chill the air ;
 Then well may Erin's sons adore
 Their isle which nature formed so fair.
 What flood reflects a shore so sweet,
 As Shannon great, or pastoral Bann ?
 Or who a friend or foe can meet
 So generous as an Irishman ?

His hand is rash, his heart is warm,
 But honestly is still his guide ;
 None more repents a deed of harm,
 And none forgives with nobler pride :
 He may be duped, but wont be dared—
 More fit to practice than to plan ;
 He dearly earns his poor reward,
 And spends it like an Irishman.

If strange or poor for you he'll pay,
 And guide to where you safe may be ;
 If you're his guest, while e'er you stay,
 His cottage holds a jubilee.
 His inmost soul he will unlock,
 And if he may your secrets scan,
 Your confidence he scorns to mock—
 For faithful is an Irishman.

By honor bound in woe or weal,
 What'e'er she bids he dares to do ;
 Try him with bribes—they wont prevail ;
 Prove him in fire—you'll find him true.
 He seeks not safety, let his post
 Be where it ought, in danger's van ;
 And if the field of fame be lost,
 It wont be by an Irishman.

Erin ! loved land ! from age to age
 Be thou more great, more famed, and free ;
 May peace be thine, or, shouldst thou wage
 Defensive war—cheap victory.
 May plenty bloom in every field
 Which gentle breezes softly fan,
 And cheerful smiles serenely gild
 The home of every Irishman.

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